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HISTORIC · DUXBURY

BY
GERSHOM BRADFORD





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FOREWORD

This little historical sketch of the town of Duxbury has been prepared with the view of interesting motor guests in our traditions as well as in the town of today. Tourists are advised to visit Captain's Hill and Monument, the Standish House, the Old Cemetery and the John Alden House, also note the large number of old square houses of the early shipmasters.

In preparing this pamphlet I am indebted to my late father, Laurence Bradford, for much material which I have taken from his *Historic Duxbury*.

The photographs appearing in these pages were furnished through the kindness of my friends, and I desire to show my appreciation to Miss Mary C. Winslow, Mr. Paul C. Peterson, Mr. Percy L. Walker, Mr. F. B. Knapp and Mr. E. C. Hultman.

G. B.

Duxbury, Mass., March 10, 1920.

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By GERSHOM BRADFORD



STANDISH MONUMENT

Historic Duxbury

The Town Today

Lying near the western cusp of the crescent of Cape Cod is a beautiful and venerable arm of the sea. It lies like a jewel of bluest blue, banked by the fairest of lands and only separated from the sea itself by a thread of shimmering sand. Over its shores romance hangs like a veil, through which can be seen in the mind's eye figures of other days dating backward to the earliest times. In this procession of the past are notable figures, mostly mariners, and among them hundreds of world-end navigators who sailed in many unknown seas. Columns of fighting men marched out for every war, worthy followers of their first townsman and America's earliest military leader—Captain Myles Standish. Ships, too, passed out, like personalities, in an endless stream to whiten distant seas, and make Duxbury a byword in the realm of commerce; for was she not the home-port of the Weston fleet, the largest in the world?

The history of the Plymouth colony would indeed be tame and colorless but for the picturesque figure of Standish and his personal prowess; the rule of the colony would have been less sagacious and hardly as successful without Brewster with his wisdom sitting at the counsel table; and the bright and tender touch of romance would have been lacking but for John Alden and Priscilla. These were the first settlers of Duxbury, and proud should be a town to have sprung from such colonial celebrities.

Duxbury of today is a place of healthful rest and recreation—a happy playground and a sanatorium endowed by Nature; for where is sea-water so bright and pure, and where is air so fresh and tanged so richly of the sea; or, if you wish, a mile or two away, with the balming scent of piney woods? Her sons and daughters, frazzled in the world of industry, whether they have

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wandered far or near, return as to a mecca for pleasure and for health, perhaps to retire, but ultimately to rest in the friendly land of their fathers. It is indeed the oldest summer resort in the country; for Standish, Brewster and the Aldens at first returned to Plymouth for the winter that they might enjoy the pleasures and opportunities of a more metropolitan community.

The motorist driving through Duxbury's quiet, elm-arched streets little suspects, if a stranger to local history, that Plymouth County was the Delaware of America a hundred years ago and more. Ships were built in almost every desirable nook and Duxbury was a hive of industry. Not only were many vessels built on its banks, but the quality of the production brought lasting fame to the town and set a standard for their competitors to strive to attain. The remarkable percentage of sailors hailing from this town before the Civil War is a point of distinction. The population, never over three thousand, furnished at one time forty-three deep-water shipmasters and over sixty fishing skippers, not to mention mates, seamen and fishermen. The skill, ability and high character of Duxbury's early sea officers has set a high standard for her subsequent seafarers to live up to.

Another claim to fame is offered through those delectable denizens of the bay that have so prolifically multiplied in the flats as to bring the trade name of Duxbury Clam on every menu in the country; a term much abused, but apparently used when something particularly good in the line of shellfish is to be served.

So to the motor visitor there is offered the beauties of varied landscapes and the healthful sports that attend them. Should he be interested in the past or be an antiquarian, Duxbury will detain him and give pleasant amusement.

Our shore line, eight miles in length from Cove Street to the westerly side of Captain's Hill, is thickly scattered with pleasant and attractive homes, and designated "The Point," "The Village," "Hall's Corner," and "The Standish Shore." From Hall's Corner to the Kingston line a road runs up and down among the hills and meadows near the sea, full of wild beauty and charm, called Border Street.

From Captain's Hill or standing in the belfry of the first church, one sees before him the apparently unbroken sweep of the Duxbury woods as far as the eye can reach. These woods are in-

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tersected with winding, puzzling roads that lead to the pretty little villages of Island Creek, Tinkertown, Tarkiln, West Duxbury, Ashdod, and Crooked Lane, or North Duxbury. In these woods are many pretty ponds. Driving from Kingston on Tremont Street, one comes suddenly from the woods to a simple and appropriate Soldiers' Monument, which tells of the brave sons of Duxbury who fell in the Civil War. And among the white stones of the cemetery many little flags wave over their graves. Near the cemetery stands the Unitarian Church, a large, handsomely proportioned building, capable of seating eight hundred persons. The Town Hall stands near by, and the Partridge Academy, named for its donor, George Partridge, a highly respected townsman who was born in 1740, graduated from Harvard College in 1760, was a member of the Continental Congress and of the Congress of the United States, and was for thirty years high sheriff of Plymouth County. Why these important buildings were placed in this quiet spot is a question that naturally comes to the mind of a stranger, and the explanation seems to be that this is about the geographical center of the town, "and the intention was to accommodate everybody."

Another institution of pride is the Public Library on St. George Street, presented to Duxbury by the late Mrs. Georgianna B. Wright. Mrs. Wright, her family and others have given many books, and these donations, with testamentary bequests and donations, make a very fair collection.

The Congregational and the St. John's Episcopal churches are in the village on Washington Street, and are of the usual type of country churches built in this century. Tremont Street runs from near the Marshfield line to Kingston, and is the longest street. It has been taken by the Commonwealth for a State road, and is now the great automobile thoroughfare between Boston and the Cape. Washington, a very pleasant and attractive street, runs from Powder Point to Captain's Hill, near the shore of the bay, and from it branch pretty little roadways down to the water's edge. Our bay is a remarkably fine one for boating, owing to its sheltered situation and the absence of deep water renders ideal conditions for small yacht racing; and there are many places of interest for the voyager to visit.

For many years the yacht races have attracted much attention

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and brought many people to the place. The extensive flats which appear at low tide are somewhat of an impediment, as many an inexperienced boatman has cause to know. It has been called:

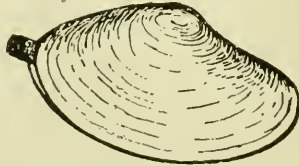
"The Bay of great surprises, and unexpected lands,
Which, when you least desire them, roll up their golden sands."

It is a fact that the constant ebb and flow of the tide helps to keep the harbor clean and healthful. There are places along the coast where there is but slight movement of the tide. Those who have been to these places and have seen the dead and stagnant water along the shore, would appreciate this great advantage.

There is a flourishing yacht club with a splendid modern clubhouse on the shore near the foot of Harrison Street, and many very lively regattas and pleasant dances are held during the summer months. This club in its early history was patronized by the celebrated actress, the late Fanny Davenport, who had her residence here.

This is Duxbury of today, a quiet place of natural and characteristic beauty; and many come and come again, lingering until the leaves begin to fall and the chilly winds interrupt the serenity of their country life.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now."



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THE TOWN AND EARLY SETTLERS.

The Pilgrims settled first, as is well known, along Leyden Street, in Plymouth, from the shore to Burial Hill, where they had built a fort. Palisades were built on each side of this street, allowing room for gardens, gates being placed at two side streets. The fort in the rear, and the bay as an opening in front, would be considered a good military position. Soon, however, their numbers so increased that it became necessary to separate, more land being needed for pasturage and cultivation. They scattered around the bay shores, keeping as near to each other and to Plymouth as practicable.

The Indians had been greatly reduced in numbers in this locality by a plague, and the few remaining do not seem to have been much at home on the water, as we find little mention of their canoeing; while the English were notably more or less sailors, choosing their lands near the sea, and showing reluctance to move inland, the interior of Plymouth and much of Duxbury being unsettled to this day. Captain's Hill early attracted attention, with its wide views of the surrounding country, its very fertile soil and easy access to Plymouth. Standish, Brewster and Alden are thought to have settled here as early as 1630, or before, and soon after others made their homes about what was called Morton's Bay, at the head of which the first meeting-house, as the church was called in those days, was built, about 1637. The earliest settlers returned to Plymouth in winter, as the record says, "to insure their better attendance at public worship," and for fear of attacks by the Indians in this exposed situation. In about 1632 the Church was gathered, the first offshoot of the Plymouth Church. The old record says: "In the year 1632 a number of the brethren inhabiting on the other side of the bay, at a place since called Duxborough, growing weary of attending the worship of God at such distance, asked, and were granted a dismission, and soon after being embodied into a Church they procured the Rev. Ralph Partridge, a gracious man of great abilities, to be their pastor."

The town was incorporated June 7, 1637, old style, or June 17, 1637, new style. This is the record of the enactment by the Governor and his Council of the Plymouth Colony: "It is enacted by

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the Court that Ducksborrow shall become a township, and unite together for their better security, and to have the privileges of a town, only their bounds and limits shall be sett, and appointed by the next Court." The name Duxbury, though spelled in various ways in early times, probably came from Duxbury Hall, one of the country seats of the Standish family in England. Some good authorities differ, however, from this opinion. The locality was known to the Indians by the euphonious name Mattakeeset which has been carried by several ships and now has been happily perpetuated in the name of the Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the town.

Among the early settlers mentioned by the historians are the following :

John Howland, who moved to town at an early date, having had grants of land at Island Creek Pond, also two small islands at Green Harbor, called Spectacle and Ann Islands. He seems afterwards to have returned to Plymouth, where he died in 1672. A stone of slate on Burial Hill marks his resting-place. The following mishap befell him on the voyage over, as related by Bradford : "In a mighty storm a lusty young man called John Howland was with a heele of ye shipe throwne into ye sea, but it pleased God y't he caught hould of ye top saile halliards, which hung overboard, & rane out at length, yet he held his hould though he was sundrie fadomes under water, till he was hald up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke, and other means got into ye shipe againe, and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church, and comone wealthe." George Soule, a passenger on the "Mayflower," was a man who did good service to the town, frequently serving in the Court of Deputies, and holding other offices, which prove him to have been a man of ability; and he left a numerous posterity, who have since been an honor to the town. He was granted land at Powder Point.

In 1637, of the twenty-seven heads of families who came in the ship "Fortune" in 1621, the following became proprietors of land in Duxbury: Robert Hicks, Thomas Prence, Moses Simmons, Philip Delano, Edward Bumpus, William Palmer, Jonathan Brewster, Thomas Morton and William Basset. The name Delano is evidently of French origin, and was originally spelled Delanoye;

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some say De la Noye. The progenitor is said to have been a French Protestant who joined the Church at Leyden. He was a land surveyor, and much respected. He owned lands at Millbrook.

The first physician of Duxbury was Comfort Starr, who came here about 1638, but afterwards moved to Boston; Samuel Seabury was another physician who came here before 1660. William Collier, one of the merchant adventurers in England, came over and settled near Standish and Brewster about 1635. He also had land at North Hill.

George Partridge came to Duxbury about 1636. He was a respectable yeoman from the County of Kent, England, where he owned an estate. He was the ancestor of the George Partridge who founded the Partridge Academy. Lands were granted him at Powder Point, Green Harbor, Island Creek and Millbrook. Henry Sampson was a young man who came on the "Mayflower," but was too young to sign the compact. He was admitted a freeman in 1637, and had a large family, whose descendants are numerous and respected in the town today. Constant Southworth was a son of Alice Southworth, who came from England in 1623, and soon after married Governor Bradford. He was an active and enterprising townsman. Christopher Wadsworth was the first constable of Duxbury, an office that required a man of ability and honesty, and it is said "a perusal of the records will at once assure us of his worth and respectability, which his numerous descendants in every generation have well retained." Edmund Weston, an enterprising ancestor of a noted family, came in 1639. He lived at Millbrook and Green Harbor, and was the progenitor of the Ezra Westons, the celebrated owners.

The following is a list of freemen in 1646, the earliest of which there is any record:

John Alden,
Wm. Basset,
Wm. Brett,
Thomas Besbeeche,
Love Brewster,
Jno. Brewster,
Roger Chandler,
Edmond Chandler,
Wm. Collier,
Job Cole,

John Paybody,
George Partridge,
Ralph Partridge,
Abraham Peirce,
Joseph Rogers,
Moyses Symonson,
Constant Southworth,
Comfort Starr,
Captain Standish,
George Soule,

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Philip Delano,
Lt. Wm. Holmes,
Thomas Heyward,
Henry Howland,
Wm. Kemp,
Experience Mitchell,
Samuel Nash,

Henry Sampson,
Francis Sprague,
John Tisdall,
Stephen Tracy,
Wm. Tubbs,
Christopher Wadsworth,
John Washburn.

It must be confessed when writing of this old town that one necessarily dwells on the past, and those of us who are natives are somewhat susceptible to the criticism of an English author writing of Plymouth: "That the present inhabitants lived on the reputation of its first founders," but in reply we might give the words of one of his greatest countrymen, Lord Macaulay, from whose History of England this quotation is taken: "A people which take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."



The Sunset from Powder Point



ON DUXBURY BEACH

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CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH.

"In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrim,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Myles Standish, the Puritan captain."

He was born in 1584, in the county of Lancashire, England, and belonged to the Standishes of Standish Hall, and was the only one of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims of high descent, according to the laws of England. His family dated back to the time of the Conquest, and is in existence there today. Many were knighted and ennobled by peerages during their long existence. Their estates are very valuable in mines and land in this country, near the village of Chorley, where exists the ancient church in whose vaults lie the bodies of many members of this ancient family and the ancestors of Myles Standish.

Many years before his time the family had divided into two branches: one the Standishes of Standish, and the other that of Duxbury Hall or Park; and the family early divided in their religious beliefs, that of the Standishes of Standish being Roman Catholic, and those of Duxbury Hall being Protestant. Capt. Myles came from the family of Standish of Standish, and that he was heir to some of the family estates there is no doubt, as he claimed them himself and left his right by testamentary bequest to his son Alexander, and this son in his turn bequeathed his right to his children. Perhaps the Captain was less skillful in obtaining his legal rights than in fighting his enemies with more deadly weapons.

It is said that the litigation between the two branches of the family was old even in Capt. Myles' time; that when one side got an advantage of possession over the other, they would destroy all the legal evidence that might help their opponent, and that one suit was in the Courts of Chancery for three hundred years.

Of the early life of Capt. Myles Standish we know little. The first mention of him is that in Queen Elizabeth's time he held a commission as Lieutenant in the English forces that were fighting the Spanish in the Netherlands, and it was during the truce

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that existed between the combatants that he joined the Plymouth Pilgrims. It appears that he never joined the Pilgrim Church strictly as a church member; but, be that as it may, he fully and entirely cast his lot in with theirs, and rendered them inestimable service from the time of his joining them till the day of his death. He bore not only all of their hardships; but, as Bradford particularly mentions in his history, was one of those who nursed the others through their sickness and sore straits during the first winter. He was their military savior on numerous occasions, as is told in the various histories of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies; and he was not less efficient in shaping the civil policy, being constantly on the Board of Assistants to the Governor, and serving in many other capacities connected with the infant Colony. He was chosen the attorney of the English Company under the Royal Charter of the Great Patent of New England to transfer to the Plymouth Settlement a charter of their proprietary rights in 1629, this document being in existence today, preserved in the Registry of Deeds office in Plymouth.



GRAVE OF MYLES STANDISH.

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He joined the Pilgrims at Leyden with his wife Rose, not long before the sailing of the "Speedwell," and was with the settlers in Plymouth after the landing, till he removed to Duxbury, which may have been before 1630. Captain Standish settled on a bluff overlooking Plymouth, the site of his house being known, and of unquestionable authenticity. Here Captain Standish lived till his death, on Oct. 3, 1656, being seventy-two years old. Secretary Morton, recording his death, says: "He, growing very ancient, became sick of the stone or stangullian, whereof, after his suffering of much dolorous pain he feel asleep in the Lord, and was honorably buried at Duxbury." The accompanying sketch shows the original appearance of Capt. Standish's grave with the famous three-cornered stones by which it was described in early records. These stones were the guide of the investigators who eventually were able to locate his skeleton in 1889.

Although at an advanced age, shortly before his death he was appointed to lead an expedition against the Dutch in the New York Colony War about to break out between the Dutch and English, which was avtrted by one of Cromwell's victories. He had held the position of Captain Commandant all of his life, never for a moment losing the confidence of the Colony.

Captain Myles Standish was the agent of the Town of Duxbury for buying what is now the Bridgewater towns and the City of Brockton, or a part of them, which was called Saughtucket. He made this trade with Ousameguin, Sachem of Pocanorcket, for the following articles: Seven coats, nine hatchets, eight horses, twenty knives, four moose-skins, ten and one-half yards of cotton, twenty pounds in money. This sale was dated March 23, 1649.

One of the swords of Myles Standish is in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, having been presented to the Pilgrim Society by one of the Standish heirs in 1824. This sword has had quite a history, according to a Jewish gentleman who visited Plymouth some years ago, and wrote this description. which is here appended:

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INSCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF THE SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH.

This sword is, without doubt, of ancient Persian manufacture, called by the Orientals Dharban; viz., meteor, and the material of which it is made is thunderbolt iron. There is not the least doubt that this sword fell into the hands of the Saracens at the time of the defeat of the Persian tyrant warrior, Kozoroi, when Jerusalem was wrenched from him by the Khalif Omar I., 637. The inscriptions and emblems show clearly the above facts. On closely examining the sun and moon engraved on the blade, it will be seen that faces were engraved inside the sun and moon; and on closer examination of the faces, it will be noticed that the engraver did not intend to represent them as human, but lions' faces. History says that the sun, moon and stars were worshipped by the ancient Persians as the celestial deities of strength and power, the sun predominant and the lion the terrestrial emblem of the sun, whose head, surrounded by his shaggy mane, resembles the deity he represents.

The present Persian coat-of-arms is derived from the mythology of their predecessors; the sun rising on a lion's back, crowned with the moon and with a circle of stars around her.

Ancient swords and other weapons were said to have often been made from meteoric iron, and it has always been believed by the ancient as well as the modern Orientals that that material had an invaluable virtue of good luck in it, and a charm to its possessor. It is said by Arab historians that the prophet (Mohammed) and his successors were armed with Dharban swords; that when grasped against the enemies of the religion of the faithful, the warrior had nothing to do but face the enemy,—the sword would do the destruction. It was believed by them that the virtue of the metal would strengthen them against the fatigue of the muscles, and charm their lives from the attack and thrust of the enemy.

The three inscriptions as seen on the blade (one on the same side with the Persian emblems and the other two on the other side) were engraved by the Mohammedans, and at a much later period than the Persian emblems. They are each different in hand and form. The first named of the two is the Mediæval Cufic.

The interpretation is "With peace God ruled his slaves and with judgment of his arm he gave trouble to the valiant of the mighty or courageous"—meaning the wicked. On the reverse side of the blade are the two above-mentioned inscriptions, part of one of which only can be deciphered. "In God is all might." The last line that resembles Roman numerals is not intended for a date, as one would be led to suppose, but is of private signification, not known to anybody excepting the possessor who had it engraved. The same with the other on the same side with the Mediæval Cufic. *No one can decipher it* as this is the key to the charm, and when once deciphered by anybody besides its real owner, it becomes as valueless as a reed. Before closing our remarks, let us notice above the two separate inscriptions, and here we find engraved again a combination of circles intending to represent fire, and a conical shaft to remind one of the meteoric metal of which the blade is made.

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N. B.—It is not to be wondered at, then, that European and American scholars have failed to decipher the above. Even a medium Arabic scholar, and he more advanced than any foreign scholar in the vernacular language of his country, cannot decipher all the modern handwritings without giving an especial time and hard study, the Arabic language being so divided in itself, unlike any other in the world. Anyone brought up in one calling cannot decipher the hand of others; and it will at once be seen how difficult and impossible it would be for any professor or scholar to master a language that needs almost a lifetime to acquire it perfectly.

Having endeavored to serve the owners of this valuable relic of the past in giving a faithful interpretation of the inscription thereon,

I remain with the greatest respect their obedient servant,

JAMES ROSEDALE, of Jerusalem Holy.

What he might have done on a larger field of action it is impossible to say, as it is with most men; but if his actions and ability are to be judged by the services that were rendered to the English race, his talents were very great; for if this beginning of making a colony had been crushed, it would not only have set back the progress of the English settlement for a long time, but would have set back freedom and liberty to a far greater extent.



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ELDER WILLIAM BREWSTER.

"Learning is more profound
When in few solid authors it may be found.
A few good books digested well do feed the mind."

Brewster was one of the best educated, if not the best, of those who came in the "Mayflower." There being no regular minister for the Church, for some years he acted in that capacity as the Church elder. He was one of the oldest of the leaders, being fifty-six at the time of the landing. He came from a highly respectable family in England, and had done much there and in Leyden to build up the Church which the Pilgrims formed. The record says that in the year 1632 lands were allotted to Brewster in Duxbury adjoining those of Captain Standish, and northerly from his, on the Captain's Hill peninsula bordering on the bay, including what from that day to this has been called "the Nook." Here was erected his dwelling, the site of which is pointed out in a northeasterly direction from that of Captain Standish. He lived here till his death in 1644, ministering often in the Plymouth and Duxbury churches.

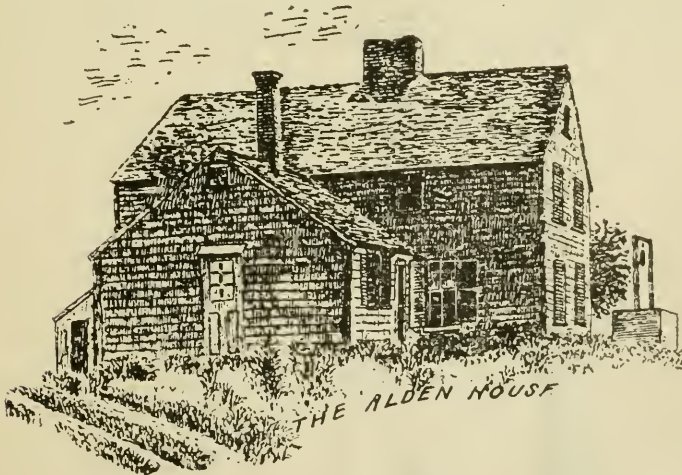
He was a scholar when scholars were rare, having entered, and received a degree from Cambridge College in England. The books of his library show what his scholarship must have been. He left four hundred volumes; sixty-four were in Latin, and thirty-eight of these were versions of the Sacred Scriptures. Among the works in the English language were many large folios and quartos, some of them having sixteen hundred pages. What has become of this large library is not known. There is one volume or more in the Yale College Library, and very likely others in the old libraries of New England. An elaborate life of Brewster was written by the Rev. Ashbel Steel in 1857.

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JOHN ALDEN.

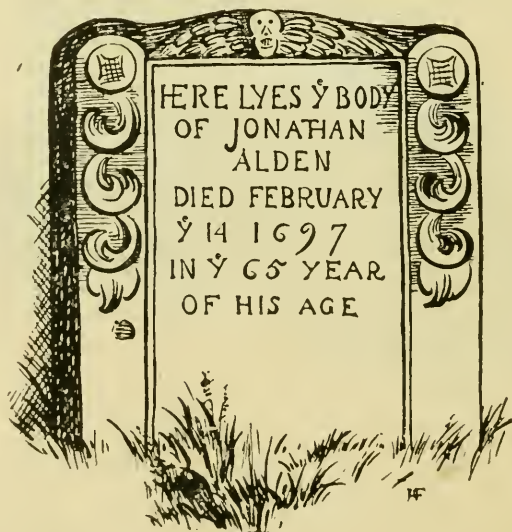
"The blue birds in the spring
Sing their sweet welcoming,
To rouse and charm;
Where first John Alden came,
Their haunt is still the same,
Still bears its Pilgrim name:
John Alden's farm."

John Alden was one of the youngest of the "Mayflower" passengers, being only twenty-one when he came. He was not one of the Church either in England or Leyden, but was hired at Southampton, where the "Mayflower" was fitting, as a cooper, to serve the Colonists for one year. Some say he was smuggled aboard by some of the adventurers. Anyway he chose to remain with the Settlement, and became a valuable member. Directly



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after the landing the Settlement was divided into families for convenience in providing for the whole, and Alden was assigned to the family of Captain Standish, which gave rise to the romantic legend that has been told and retold in prose and poetry ever since: that the Captain sent him with a proposal of marriage to the young and comely daughter of Mr. Mullins, and that he fell in love with the maiden himself. However that may be, he early in the year wedded the fair Priscilla, whose name and renown has reached our day, and whose fair face is seen in many noted pictures. Alden proved all his life a worthy accession to the community, filling various offices of trust and responsibility, until he died at an advanced age, Sept. 12, 1686, and was at his death the last surviving signer of that original compact of government made in the cabin of the "Mayflower" at Cape Cod, November, 1620, which President Lincoln said "was the foundation of the Republic." Alden early came to Duxbury,—it is said in 1631, and settled on land which had been allotted to him near the tidal head of Bluefish River, near the salt marshes and what was called Eagle-tree Ford, made by a fresh-water brook called Hounds-ditch, just before its conjunction with the river. He built his house on a small knoll, and the site of it is now marked by a stone recording the fact. According to Windsor's History of Duxbury, the second house stood a little further to the westward, and the present house,





IN DUXBURY WOODS

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erected by his grandson, Col. John Alden, is still further towards the west. It is a remarkable instance for this country that this farm has been held by one family from the first settlement to the present time, and the name also has been perpetuated, so that the poetical quotation at the head of this chapter is literally true, "Still bears its Pilgrim name, John Alden's farm." Alden's Bible is in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth, having the Anno Domini 1620. Alden's autograph is very rare, notwithstanding the many times he must have written it on public documents. He probably is buried in the Old Cemetery, as his son, Johnathan Alden's, stone is standing there today.

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CAPTAIN'S HILL AND STANDISH MONUMENT.

A native of Duxbury holds a peculiar affection for the monument crowning the hill that rises near the site of Captain Myles Standish's house. It is a landmark of home, a welcome object for the mariner coming on the coast as well as for the toiling fisherman setting his offshore trawls.

This handsome memorial to the Pilgrim captain was erected largely through private subscription, and the indefatigable efforts of the officers of the Standish Monument Association. The cornerstone was laid in 1872, but it was not entirely completed until 1898.

The dimensions are:

Diameter of base	28 feet
Diameter of top	16 feet
Height from foundation to parapet	116 feet
Height of statue on top	14 feet

The monument is constructed of rough granite from the Hallowell quarries. The arch of the entrance is built by stones contributed by the several New England States, and bear their names. The keystone was presented by President Grant, and represents the United States.

Captain's Hill, on which the monument stands, was part of the farm given Captain Standish by the Plymouth Colony. At its foot in plain sight is the place where stood his house, where he lived until his death; and the house said to have been built by his son in 1666 still stands near by.

The hill is about two hundred feet above tide water, and is the highest eminence in the vicinity. It has had a history apart from and since the time of Standish, as it was used as a place for signalling in the Revolutionary and 1812 wars, and a few years back was clear of trees and underbrush, when used for pasturage, as at that time cattle were more plentiful than now.

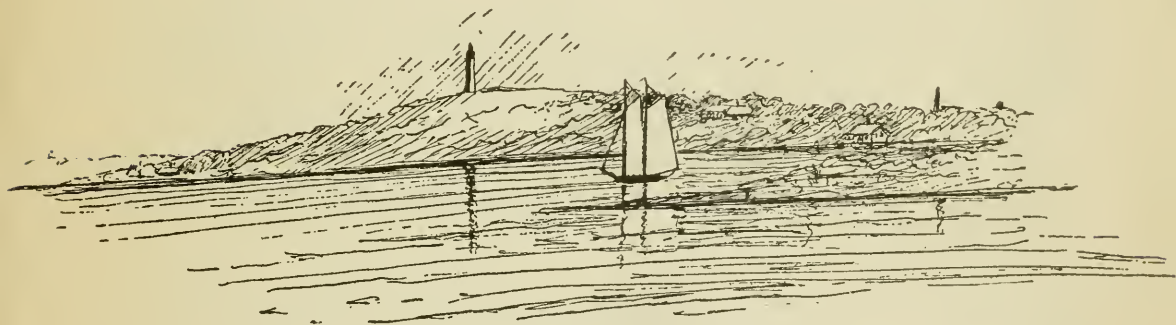
"Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years,—
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

From the summit of this hill a fine view is given of the bay, islands and various places of historic interest in the vicinity, as

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we follow around by the points of the compass until we have completed the circle, noting the objects in view and the location of others not so plainly seen.

Beginning at the Duxbury Light, that lies below us in a south-easterly direction at the mouth of Duxbury and Plymouth bays, and marks the end of a shoal that leads out from the points of land to the northward. This lighthouse was not built till 1871. This side of the light is a deep area and good anchorage ground called the Cow Yard, which was much used in stress of weather in former times, and considerably at present. Turning now to



the eastward, and bearing a little south of east, these highlands lie in a bunch,—Saquish Point, Clark's Island and Gurnet Head. The nearest, Clark's Island, was named for the mate of the "Mayflower," who was said to be the first to place foot upon it, on Saturday, Dec. 19, 1620, two days before the landing at Plymouth. This was an exploring party from the "Mayflower," then lying in Cape Cod Harbor.

The island contains eighty-four acres of good soil, and is much used for pasturage; it has been held mostly by one family since 1690. In range with Clark's Island, and about two miles distant is the Gurnet, a widening out of the beach, and much higher in elevation, something like fifty feet above tide water, which has a good soil, and in early times was wooded. The name Gurnet first appears in Winslow's Relation, printed in

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1622, but where it gets its derivation is not known. The point was early called "the Gurnet's Nose." It has about twenty-seven acres, now considerably built upon by summer sojourners. At the Gurnet's Nose there are two lights called the Gurnet Lights, which are much used by vessels proceeding to and from the Cape Cod Canal. The first lighthouses were built here by the Province in 1768; these being burned in 1801, others were built in 1803, and the present structures were built in 1842.

This has always been a favorite place for a fort. There was one in 1776, having six guns from six to twelve pounds' calibre. In 1812-15 the fort was mounted with some forty-two pounders, and during that time was the quarters of a large garrison. In the Civil War a new fort was constructed mounting more efficient and heavier guns, and styled Fort Andrews. Many believe that the "Norsemen" visited this headland, as it is told that in 1003 Thorwald wintered in about the latitude of forty-one to forty-two, which is thought to have been in Narragansett or Buzzard's bays. The next spring he cruised along an extended promontory, the description of which answers well to that of Cape Cod; within this peninsula he found a great bay, and upon the western side of the bay came to a fine headland. Later on he was mortally wounded by the natives, and requested that he be buried on the headland, which is thought by the aforementioned to be Gurnet Head.

The southern end of this group as it appears from our point of view is Saquish, and the outermost, Saquish Head; this promontory was in early times an island. It contains about fourteen acres of land, and is also used for pasturage, it being well situated for the purpose, and the soil being good.

The name Saquish is of Indian origin, and means a sort of clam, or perhaps is a corruption of an original word. In early times the clam was very plentiful on the shores of this peninsula. In the Civil War there was a small fort built here by the Government, and named Fort Standish.

Continuing our view from the northern end of Clark's Island in range almost due east, is the beginning of Duxbury beach proper, connecting with the Gurnet peninsula. This stretch of beach extends in a northwesterly direction about five miles, where

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it joins the higher lands of Green Harbor. In early times it was called Salt-house beach, but the former name is now almost universally used. This beach is a long extension of sand dunes bare of vegetation, except beach grass, and has had the same appearance from the earliest times, except a small knoll called High Pines, about one-third the way from the end of Clark's Island towards the bridge in visual sight. This knoll has now a small growth of stunted trees, but formerly had a large growth of pitch pine, which gave it its name, as early, it is said, as 1637. About a mile out to sea from this knoll is High Pines Ledge, where many vessels were lost in past times, more than now, as the greater draft of modern vessels makes them keep away from our shores.

A little north of the range from the northern end of Clark's Island, over the beach, at a distance of twenty-three miles, on the end of Cape Cod is the town of Provincetown, the Pilgrim Monument and even the town-house which can be seen on a clear day, and the shores of the Cape reaching southerly. Cape Cod was named by an early navigator, Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, because of the quantities of that fish which he saw in the vicinity.

In a direction about northeast from our point of view is the bridge that leads from Powder Point to the beach. This is half a mile in length, and was built by the town and private parties in 1892. A little farther towards the north is Rouses' Hummock, quite a high, wooded knoll that was named for one of the first settlers in early times. The beach in front of the hummock was selected in 1869 as the landing place of the French cable and until recently afforded cable connections with St. Pierre, Miq., and Brest, France. In range with Rouses' Hummock is Powder Point, an early settlement of the town, where the Ezra Westons carried on their large businesses. The wharf is still there, and some of the buildings, now the property of Mr. F. B. Knapp.

In the same range is the mouth of Bluefish River, named early in the settlement. It is a tidal river heading in the marshes back of the village, but also fed by brooks coming from the interior of the town. Shipyards were along the lower part of this river, and it was here above the bridge on Washington Street that the shipping was hauled up the river in the 1812 War, to

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get it out of the way of an attack by boats from English frigates that were cruising outside the Gurnet. To guard the shipping, a water battery was built at the mouth of the river on a small peninsula, mounting two twelve-pounders, and a few hundred feet above, near Fort Street, back of the present post-office, was a small fort mounting three six-pounders; guns were also placed at other points along the shore, all manned by Duxbury men; and besides this force there was a garrison of State troops at the Gurnet. Nearer to us, about a mile distant, is the chateau-like residence of the late Fanny Davenport, called Melbourne Hall. Continuing around in a northerly direction we pass over the long reach of marshes that lie between the towns of Duxbury and Marshfield, and almost due north four and three-quarters miles distant is the home of Daniel Webster, where he lived and died; and in the neighborhood of his home and burial places are the historical places of Marshfield.

Continuing around to west of north is the spire of the fourth building of the original Church that was gathered in 1632. This is also the site of the third building, that was built in 1787. Almost in direct range is the old cemetery, or burial place, near where stood the first and second buildings of the same Church, built respectively in about 1635 and 1706, and where the grave of Myles Standish is, the fort-like monument now built over it. Reaching up towards this burial ground, bearing more to the northwest from us, is Morton's Bay or Hole. Winsor says, in his history, that the name comes from a hole in the flats that can be seen near the mouth of the bay, on a chart, westerly from this hill. Quite as likely the word "hole" applies to the bay, a common definition in early times along the coast for what would now be called a bay. This bay and the shore adjacent was very much used by the first settlers as their landing place, in their communication with Plymouth.

To the southwest lies the coast used in early times for ship-building, and salt-making by pumping up sea-water into tanks by windmills.

A quarter of a mile off this shore on the flats, and a mile from our point of view, are the Cripple Rocks. They are particularly noteworthy, as rocks are scarce on the coast here between Manomet Bluffs and Cohasset. These are shown on t'

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map made in the middle of the eighteenth century, and we are sure they are the same often noted by the first settlers; and are something we can feel certain appear the same as when first discovered.

Retracing back to observe objects more distant, one can see in a northwesterly direction a high hill, probably one of the Blue Hills; and about in the same range the first church in Pembroke and the Whitman water-tower. The town of Pembroke was taken from Duxbury in 1711. Some little further over to the west can be seen the water-tower of Brockton, and bearing about west the water-tower of Bridgewater on Sprague's Hill.

A little further south, about southwest, lies the mouth of Jones River, named for the captain of the "Mayflower." At the head of the estuary part of the river lies the attractive town of Kingston, reaching out of which can be discerned the spire of the first church, one that would be considered old in any other part of the country, although it was not gathered till 1720, and the town not incorporated till 1726. Further on to the south is the Plymouth village of Seaside, where is located the largest rope walk or manufactory in the country; so here is something modern mixed in with the old landmarks. Further on and almost due south is the National Pilgrim Monument, that was longer in building than our monument here. Further, a little southeasterly, lies the town of Plymouth, with all the interesting objects connected with that ancient town.

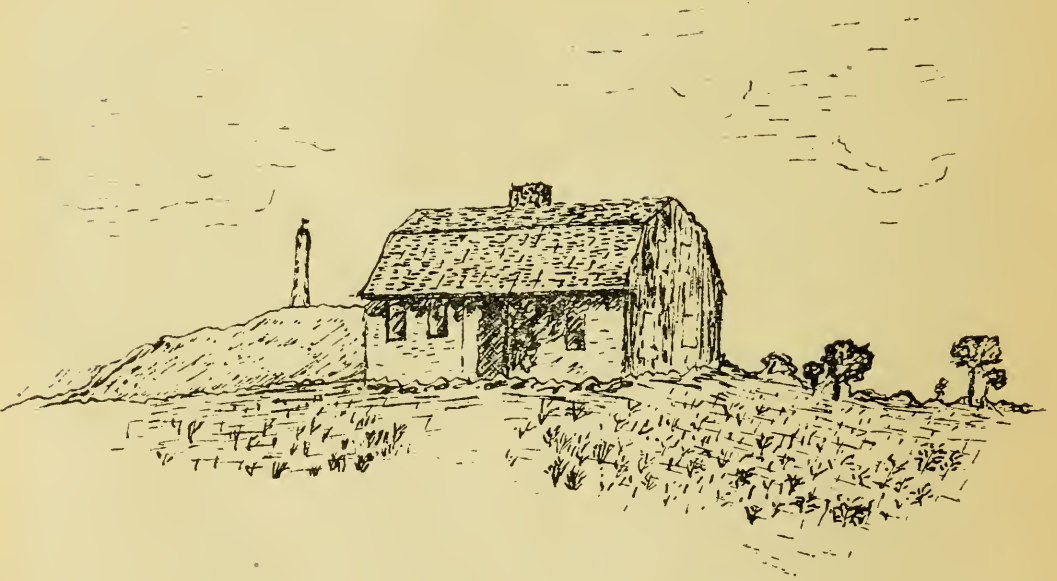
Further on southeasterly lies Plymouth Beach, or Long Beach. This long neck of land suffered very much in the great storm of Nov. 27, 1898, when houses and hillocks were carried away by the breakers. About southeast in visual sight between the end of Long Beach and Saquish Head, and on the ocean side of them, lies Brown's Bank, or Shoal, and in the same range over six miles distant is Rocky Point and the hills of Manomet, which answer the description of the coast given by Mrs. Hemans:

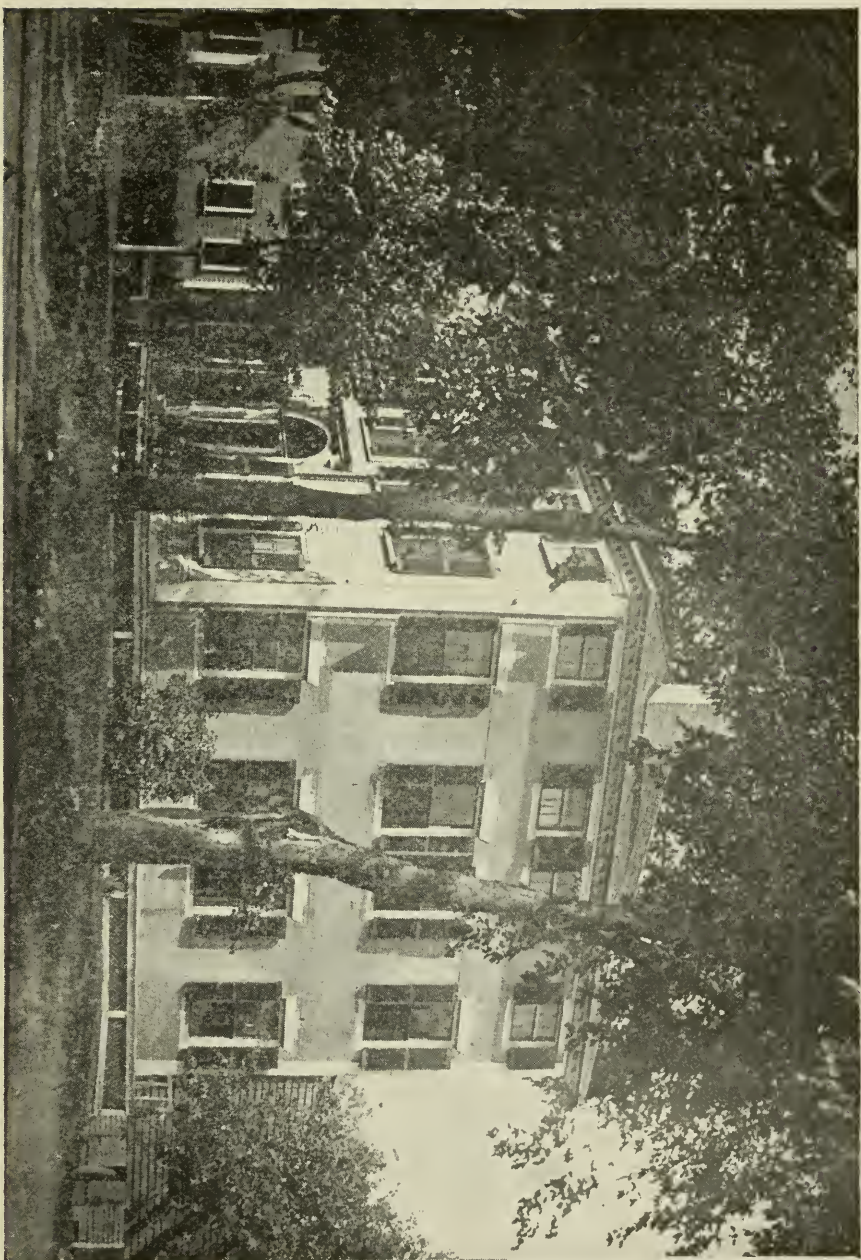
"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

These highlands were known and commented on by the early navigators before Plymouth existed. In this same range, between the heads of Plymouth Beach and Saquish, is Duxbury

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Light; that was our starting-point in the visual pilgrimage we have made around the circle. We have still a few places to note at our feet, in the foreground on Captain's Hill peninsula. The tract of land lying to the eastward was without doubt the ancient farm of Elder Brewster, and the site of his house is about in that direction. Looking around more to the south, about in range with Duxbury Light, is a bluff by the shore covered with bushes. This is the site of Myles Standish's house. A quarter of a mile nearer to us is the house of Alexander Standish, son of the Captain, said to have been built in 1666.





AN OLD DUXBURY SHIPMASTER'S HOME

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sixty days, yet even in the lower holds the skins were *dusty*. The Goddard was then over twenty years old, having been built near Mr. James K. Burgess' boat house in 1879.

The following quotations have been made to bear testimony and corroborate the claims made for these men and their ships: The late Hon. E. S. Tobey once said: "To speak of the character of the numerous first-class ships which have been built here, would be to recall the names of the best mechanics and skilled artisans of the whole country. To speak of the men who commanded those ships, would be to make honorable mention of intelligent and eminent navigators who, with the flag of the Republic at the masthead, guided their ships into nearly every commercial port of the habitable globe."

Again in the words of the late Hon. George B. Loring, whose love for the town never grew cold:

"To my youthful ear the sound of a hundred hammers in the early morning hours, when a day's labor began at sunrise and ended with the summer sunset, was a music which I can never forget, and which we shall probably never hear again. A Duxbury ship was to me a barge of beauty, and whatever achievements may be made in naval architecture, the names of Sampson, and Weston, and Drew, and Frazar, and Loring, and Winsor, will outshine, in my mind, all the McKays and Curriers and Halls that ever launched a ship on the Merrimac, on the Mystic, or on the shores of Noddle's Island, and will share with John Roach the fame of those American shipbuilders whose vessels defied the storms of ocean and resisted the destructive tooth of time. . . .

Quoting from Miss Lucy Porter Higgins in the *Americana Illustrated*: "We are told that Duxbury vessels were noted for durability, superior models, and excellent workmanship." It was a sufficient recommendation in the market to know that a ship was Duxbury-built. The name on the stern ensured a sale, and any seaman who hailed from that town could ship at any port, on any craft, without other credentials. Many of the people have held high rank as merchants, and a considerable number have been Atlantic ship-owners.

The writer will take the liberty of quoting portions at length from an article published in the Old Colony Memorial of June 1895. This article was written by Captain John Bradford, as-

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sisted by his daughter Mrs. Ellen B. Stebbins. Captain Bradford was among the most able and respected in the list of Duxbury shipmasters; he began as a boy in E. Weston & Sons ropewalk and rose rapidly to the command of their finest and largest ship the "Hope."

"It is one who can claim a modest place among these shipmasters, and whose memory extends back to about 1830 or 1832, who has taken pleasure in recalling and describing the scenes of his boyhood and early manhood among the busy shipyards of his na'ive town.

By degrees the wants of the early settlers gave rise to new branches of industry, but we find no record of what was long the leading business of the town, prior to the year 1720, about which time Thomas Prince is said to have established the first yard within its limits for the building of vessels, on the westerly shore of the Nook, at the foot of Captain's Hill. The first vessel built there was a sloop, constructed mostly of wild cherry. The second yard was owned by Israel Sylvester, on Bluefish River; the third by Benjamin Freeman at Harden Hill, a short distance north from the Nook, and near the extreme southeastern part of the town.

Perez Drew owned the fourth yard, location not known.

Samuel Winsor, the first of the name in Duxbury, and Samuel Drew together carried on the fifth yard, on the shore of the Nook westward of Captain's Hill. Samuel Winsor had previously, about 1745-50, built several small vessels on Clark's Island.

The sixth yard was established by Isaac Drew at the west side of the Nook.

John Oldham had a yard at Duck Hill, in the northern part of the town, not far from the Marshfield line, where now it is mostly salt meadow, and the creeks are nearly filled with coarse sedge.

There was still another shipyard carried on by Capt. Samuel Delano below the mouth of Bluefish River, on the west side.

These yards had nearly all been abandoned before 1830, and were succeeded by the following, of which the writer has personal recollection:

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At the extreme southwest part of the town, between Captain's Hill and the mouth of Jones River in Kingston, and not far from the residence of Harrison Loring, Mr. James Soule had a ship-yard, where he built what were then considered good-sized vessels, but which would now be called small. He gave up the business before 1840, I think.

The yard of Benjamin Prior, on the southeast part of the town shore, near the Nook, was occupied by Ezra Weston, and there Samuel Hall built for him several ships. Because of the large size of the vessels built there, it was familiarly known as the "Navy Yard."

The ship "Mattakeesett," built about 1833, of 480 tons, whose first commander was Capt. Briggs Thomas, was the largest merchant vessel that had then been built in New England. Mr. Weston about 1834 established his yard on the southerly side of Bluefish River, where Samuel Hall, and after him Samuel Cushing, built for him a large number of vessels.

I recall the names of ships "St. Lawrence," "Admittance," "Vandalia," "Eliza Warwick," "Oneco" (in which I made my first voyage, 1839), "Hope." I was a boy on board of the "Hope" when she was launched, in 1841, and nine years later took command of her. She was then (1850) the largest merchant ship in New England, and took the largest cargo of cotton (3,100 bales) that had ever been taken from New Orleans. (A picture of this vessel was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.)

The ship "Manteo," built about 1843, was the last vessel built for the Westons (E. Weston & Sons, Gershom B. and Alden B. Weston, at that time, Ezra Weston, Sr., having died the previous year). There was also a large fleet of brigs and schooners, of which I recall brigs "Neptune," "Margaret," "Smyrna," "Ceres," "Levant," "Oriole," "Messenger," "Lion," and schooners "Dray," "Seadrift," "Virginia," "Triton."

Luther Turner had his yard adjoining Mr. Weston's on the east, where he built small vessels.

Next to Mr. Weston's on the west was Mr. Levi Sampson's yard. He built vessels for himself and for Boston parties. One ship that was being built about 1835 for Mr. Thomas Lamb of Boston, caught fire while on the stocks, and was very nearly

destroyed, while the "Admittance," in Mr. Weston's yard, was in great danger.

Previous to 1838 another yard was situated where the Odd Fellows Hall now stands, and was operated by Mr. Seth Sprague, familiarly known as "Squire Sprague." The vessels built there were small, and were launched across the highway into the dock alongside the wharf next to W. S. Freeman & Co.'s store.

About 1837 or 1838 Samuel Hall built for Mr. Lamb the ship "Narragansett," and for Phineas Sprague & Co. the ship "Constantine," in a yard established by him on the east shore of the village, just north of the "Navy Yard" before mentioned. In 1840 he removed to East Boston, where he was one of the pioneers in the business, and remained for many years a noted shipbuilder.

A short distance north of Mr. Hall's yard was that of Nathaniel and Joshua Cushing, where they built vessels for various parties. The only name that I recall is that of the barque "Maid of Orleans."

The building of a drawbridge and dam in 1803 across Bluefish River formed a mill pond above, on which, at the northwest end, was the yard of Samuel A. Frazer (originally that of Israel Sylvester), where he built a large number of vessels for himself and various other parties. The peculiar name of one was "Hitty Tom," after an old Indian squaw who formerly lived in the neighborhood. He also built the first ship, "Hoogly," for Daniel C. Bacon of Boston.

Deacon George Loring's yard was on the southeast part of the pond, near the bridge; he built mostly for Charles Binney of Boston, and his son, C. J. F. Binney. I recall only the names of brig "Cynosure," ship "Grafton," and barque "Binney." I remember that the "Grafton," being very narrow and crank, cap-sized two or three times while they were getting her out of the river. The vessels launched from this yard and Mr. Sampson's, just below the bridge, went plump into the opposite meadow as soon as they were off the ways.

Mr. Sylvanus Drew's yard was on the north side of Bluefish River. His sons, Captain Reuben and Mr. Charles Drew, succeeded him after his death, about 1830, and they were followed by Sylvanus Drew, son of Charles, and he by William Paulding,

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who built many vessels in the yard, mostly barques and brigs, for the Philadelphia and Baltimore lines and the Mediterranean trade. The vessels that I remember as being built there by the Drews were ships "Rambler," "Aldebaran," "Boreas," "Minerva," "Chilo," "Susan Drew," "George Hallett," "Kedron," "Isaiah Crowell"; barques "Eunomus," "Mary Chilton," "Hersilia," "Kensington," besides several brigs and smaller vessels. The last three vessels built by Mr. Paulding were the "Minnette" for a Mr. Prior, and the "Olive G. Tower" and the "Mary Amanda" on his own account. The last mentioned was named for his granddaughter, Mr. Geo. Bates' eldest daughter. He ceased operations in 1867.

N. Porter Keen, who had previously worked for Mr. Paulding from 1868 to 1875, occupied the yard formerly used by Mr. Levi Sampson, below the bridge on Bluefish River. He built the last full-rigged ship built in Duxbury, the "Samuel G. Reed," launched in 1869, and commanded by Capt. Henry Otis Winsor. This ship is now the barque "Fantee." Other vessels built by Mr. Keen were the barkentine "Benjamin Dickerman," which was about a year on the stocks, and was launched in 1875; the "Mary D. Leach," a whaler; a small schooner, the "I tell ye"; a sloop, name unknown; while the last vessel (the "Henry J. Lippett") ever built by him in this yard was, though a schooner, one of the largest vessels ever built in Duxbury.

Owing to the mishaps and difficulties attending her launching, she was dubbed by one of the local wits "Keen's Elephant." She was launched in an unfinished condition, and when she left the ways she went fully forty feet into the opposite marsh.

About 1870 or 1871 John Merritt, Amos Merritt, and Warren Standish reopened Mr. Paulding's yard, and built a schooner, the last vessel built in that yard. They then went over on the village shore to about the location formerly occupied by Samuel Hall, where they built the schooners "Annie S. Conant" and "Addie R. Warner." The latter was built for Philadelphia parties, for the fruit trade; she was rigged and fitted completely ready for sea while yet upon the stocks, but was lost at sea soon after she was launched. She was the last vessel built in that yard. The Merritt brothers separated from Standish, and at

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a new location, just south of this, on the land of Calvin Josselyn, they built in 1878 or 1879 the barque "Thomas A. Goddard," the last vessel ever built in a Duxbury shipyard.

This rapid enumeration will give some idea of the general distribution of the shipyards in which centered the energy and enterprise that made Duxbury for so many years the leading town of Plymouth County. To emphasize the fact of the great activity during its "palmy days," we have the statement of the veteran stage-driver "Jake" Sprague, that on a certain day in May, 1838, as he drove from Plymouth to negotiate the purchase of the Duxbury and Boston stage route and property, he counted, between the "Navy Yard" (near where the late Fanny Davenport's house now stands) and the Mill Pond, *eighteen* vessels in course of construction.

It will be observed that while most of the older yards were established in the neighborhood of the "Nook," or that part of the town nearest Plymouth, the later ones were clustered quite closely together on the shores of the Mill Pond and Bluefish River.

From the little schoolhouse on Powder Point we young folks could hear the clatter and clangor of six shipyards all in full blast within less than a quarter of a mile.

The nearest shipyard to the schoolhouse was the Drews', which was a double yard, where often two vessels were building at once.

The county road ran between the yard and the water (of course), so that at launching time the ways had to be laid across the highway, and all teams were obliged to go up through the yard around the vessels on the stocks. Of course school always adjourned for such an important event, which took place generally about 11 A.M. (high water, spring tides, full and change of the moon).

The ropewalk (in which Capt. Bradford worked as a boy) was part of a system of industries carried on by the Westons, without a somewhat extended notice of which no account of Duxbury shipbuilding could be regarded as adequate. Ezra Weston, the second of the name, and inheriting from his father the popular title of "King Cæsar," was for the years 1820 to 1842 probably

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the most widely known citizen of Duxbury, and was considered to be the largest shipowner in the United States. Daniel Webster so rated him in his great speech at Saratoga during the Harrison campaign of 1840. (Captain Clark in his Clipper Ship "Era" states that the Westons owned a fleet very close to one hundred sail.)

His ships were then to be seen in all parts of the world. He not only built his own vessels, but he controlled nearly all the branches of business connected with shipbuilding and the ownership of vessels. He had his own ropewalk, sparyard, blacksmith shop and sail-loft; brought his timber and lumber from Haverhill and Bangor in his own schooners, or from Bridgewater and Middleboro with his own ox or horse teams, and his supplies from Boston in his own packet.

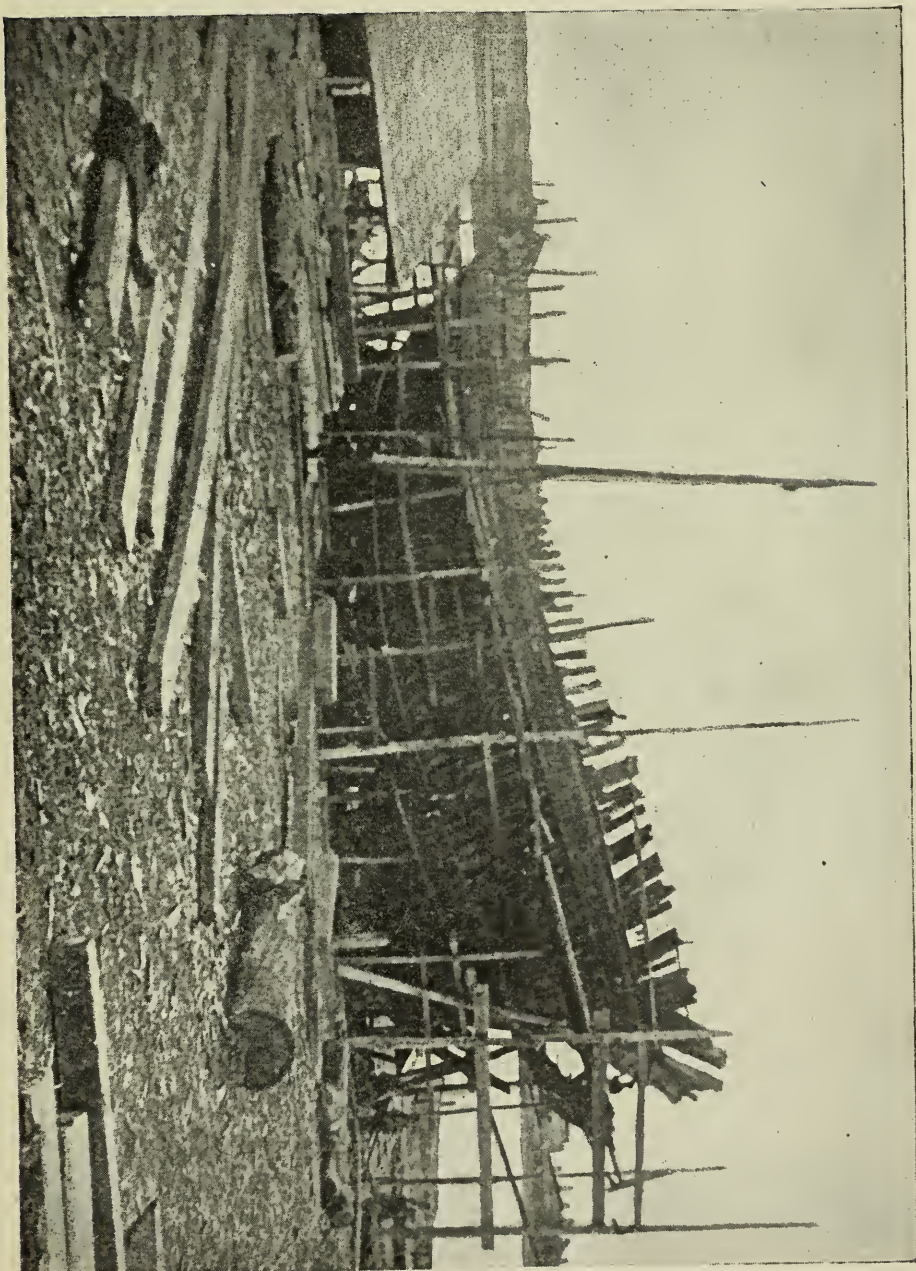
His salt came from Cadiz, St. Ubes, and Turk's Island in his own brigs. He sent his schooners to the Grand Banks for fish in the summer time, and "out South" in the winter for corn.

He owned a large track of land on Powder Point, and here, on the south side, where Bluefish River widens into the bay, with the outlook towards Captain's Hill and Plymouth, stood his dwelling-house. Here still remains "Weston's wharf," where his new vessels fitted out, and where his packets loaded and unloaded, but sparyard and sail-loft, blacksmith shop and ropewalk have all disappeared.

The old Weston homestead was destroyed by fire a few years since, and the more modern mansion built by him 1808-9 is now occupied by Mr. F. B. Knapp. Several miles inland towards Pembroke Mr. Weston owned an extensive farm, where his farmer raised a large part of the vegetables used on board his vessels, and of the beef and pork needed for sea-voyages.

It is worthy of note that during this period of industrial activity Duxbury furnished not only ships, but men to sail them. Nearly every Duxbury-built vessel was officered by men who had been born within the sound of axe and mallet, had served an apprenticeship at sea from boyhood, and knew a ship "from keelson to truck."

Mr. Weston's captains were mostly from Duxbury or the adjoining town of Marshfield.



A DUXBURY SHIP 1868

HISTORIC DUXBURY.

THE CLAM.

"Inglorious friend! Most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee with their similes,
And prate of being 'happy as a clam!'
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety valves to thee
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off, as foemen take their spoil,
Far from thy friends and family to roam;
Forced like a Hessian from thy native home
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam, thy case is shocking hard!"

Duxbury is known by this bivalve where Myles Standish was never heard of, and where the stories of the grey fathers, if ever heard, would be considered myths; yet if you would go further in a literal sense, the old saw of faring worse, might be reversed; as the writer's father once found years ago when in an out-of-the-way place on the California coast, he was asked, on making it known that he was from the Eastern States, if he had ever seen the place where those Duxbury ships were built? This was too far for even the delicious flavor of the clam to have been wafted.

Perhaps in the homelier vein, too much praise can scarcely be given to this denizen of the flats; without him the wisdom of the early governors would have failed; the piety of Elder Brewster have had a short duration; the martial valor of Myles Standish have been uselessly exercised against the enemies of the weak and struggling Colony, and John Alden's pastoral virtues never have reached an appreciative posterity.

What orators and essayists ascribe to an all-wise Providence, was justly due to the clam, or the higher influence working through him; in other words, his claims were not acknowledged in the sequence. It was the clam that nurtured the infant Colony, which is said by some to have contained the seed of the Republic, and prevented it from following the fate of like enterprises in other parts of the country.

Daniel Webster, who lived just over the line in Marshfield, as

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mentioned before, was a devotee to the excellence of clam chowder, often treating his distinguished friends to that famous dish; on such occasions, it is said, he would not permit his cook to mix the ingredients and cook the chowder, saying that a clam chowder was too easily spoiled to allow an unskilled hand to make it.

The ancient glories of the Duxbury clam have now somewhat departed. We are told the sinful marketmen in the cities palm off on unsuspecting purchasers a spurious article, that has never hailed the Gurnet Lights at low water; be this as it may, we do not now see for sale the large sized white-shelled article that once abounded in the markets. The demand exceeds the supply and they are sought so assiduously that they rarely have time to reach maturity. It is not easy to protect them; it is the same old story that is connected with the protection of any marketable product. In the case of the clam, those who wish to protect them do not dig them, and those who personally dig, or market them, prefer the present gain to some prospective profit, which they themselves can never hope to realize, or so they think; and also, that if protected, some other fellow will get ahead of them. You may say the game is protected; and so it is with the choicest kinds of fish; for the simple reason that those who hunt or angle for them are interested in their preservation.

“O clam, how humble is thy state,
In mind, and form, and soul so low;
What thought on thee may we bestow,
And what of eminence relate?
To sustain a gormand’s palate!
And all thy excellences sure,
Simply to please an epicure!
Can we of thee no more relate?
Tales of yard-arms in combat crossed,
Of Duxbury’s ancient fame,
Shall ne’er be mingled with thy name;
Nor valiant ships in cyclones lost.
But thine a greater glory yet:
A mighty nation to beget.”

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SOME DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS

CAPT. BENJ. CHURCH

Duxbury was the residence of two of the greatest military men of the early colonial days, for, next in reputation to Captain Myles Standish was Benjamin Church, the captor of King Philip, the native warrior who made such distressing ravages on the out-post settlements.

Captain Church lived in this town from about 1668 to 1680, moving from Plymouth, where he was born about 1639. He lived in the vicinity of Duck Hill, Millbrook.

The captain's courage, skill, prudence and military strategy brought to him a reputation almost equal to that of Standish.

In his later life he resided at Little Compton, Rhode Island, where in 1718 he was thrown from his horse, and having grown very stout, suffered fatal results by bursting a blood vessel. Winsor, the historian, states that "he was buried with great pomp and parade."

MAJOR JUDAH ALDEN

Another military celebrity of Duxbury was Judah Alden, who served through the Revolution as a Captain, and was breveted a major. He was born on the old John Alden Farm on October 2, 1750. At the outbreak of the war he was one of Duxbury's minute-men, and was attached to Cotton's famous regiment in 1775 as an ensign. In 1776 being commissioned a second lieutenant he was transferred to Colonel Bailey's regiment, where he served during the first years of the war. He was appointed a captain in 1777.

Captain Alden was distinguished for his skilful use of arms and for his prudence as an officer. He was possessed of great strength, which accompanied a splendid physique and eminently qualified him as a leader of men. He was an intimate and confidential friend of General Washington, of whom he always spoke in praise.

Major Alden was given the honor of the presidency of the Massachusetts Society of Cincinnati from 1829 until his death in 1845.

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CAPTAIN GAMALIEL BRADFORD

The subject of this sketch was one of the most picturesque characters of Duxbury, and was notable for his achievements. He was born in 1763, and at the age of fourteen years accompanied his father, Colonel Gamaliel Bradford, to the war. He served throughout the struggle and was present as a lieutenant at Newburg in 1783, when General Washington bade farewell to his officers. He there enrolled as an original member of the Society of Cincinnati.

After the war he turned to the sea for a livelihood and in the command of merchant ships earned a splendid reputation as a shipmaster.

In 1798 he was honored by President Adams, who offered him command of the Boston frigate, but Captain declined and continued in the merchant marine.

In the following year he successfully sustained an attack by three French privateers, and in 1800 repulsed two similar attacks, one of which proved a very spirited struggle of one and a half hours, in which the captain received a wound causing the loss of his leg. In spite of his handicapped condition he made later voyages, retiring from the sea in 1809.

A series of interesting letters written home on his voyages by Captain Bradford have recently been published, after being edited by the writer of this pamphlet.

Captain Gamaliel, after leaving the sea, was appointed warden of the State Prison, and for some years served in this capacity. On one occasion putting down a mutiny without seeking aid beyond his own natural command of men.

He died in 1824 at the age of sixty-one years.

CAPTAIN AMASA DELANO

There were very few ship-masters in the early days possessed with the ability to write a good narrative, but Captain Delano was a great exception and gave to posterity a book known as Delano's Narratives, from which we are able to get first hand details of the conditions in the merchant marine at that time.

This book was published in 1817 and is descriptive of his

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various voyages and the people whom he met in the different parts of the earth. He sailed around the world three times, and visited countries and peoples then or now not generally known. His description of the lower Pacific coast and the Oriental islands is particularly fine. He tells of the settlement and inhabitants of Pitcairns Island better than most writers, getting his information from original sources; though it is a subject that has had the attention of noted authors, including no less a one than Lord Byron. His remarks on the sailing, navigating and repair of vessels are instructive, not only to those who are familiar with sea life, but for the ingenuity often shown they are of profit to all.

Captain Delano apologizes for his language as indicating his lack of an academic education; but he need not have done so, for one would seek long before finding an academician who could express himself in so graphic a manner, and in a way to so fascinate his reader. The book is a quarto of nearly six hundred pages, and is now, of course, out of print and rarely seen.

The thrilling episodes of this book have been used as the basis of at least two novels which brought much prominence to the writer of them.

COLONEL ICHABOD ALDEN

Captain Alden, although without previous military experience, excepting militia duty, was one of the first to "resort to means of violence for the protection of those privileges bequeathed to him from his ancestors."

He became lieutenant-colonel of Colonel Cotton's regiment, and was later promoted to the rank of colonel. After the battle of Saratoga in October 17, 1777, he was stationed with a regiment of the Continental Army at a place called Cherry Valley in New York state. Here a fortification was erected by order of General Lafayette. There were many rumors of attack as the season advanced which proved groundless, leading Colonel Alden into the great error which caused the loss of many lives, including his own.

A friendly Oneida Indian, having learned of the proposed assault from one of the Onondagas, brought warning of a coming

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attack. The Colonel took precautions, but discredited the information and did not follow sufficiently the dictates of prudence. Early one morning after a light fall of snow, which turned to rain, with a cloudy atmosphere, the post and adjacent town was surprised by a vicious attack led by the noted Mohawk chief, Brant, and a Captain Butler, with seven hundred loyalists. The ferocious Senecas were the first to fall on the town where most of the officers were quartered, and the greater part of them, with many women and children, perished with savage cruelty.

The Colonel himself, refusing to surrender, vainly snapped his pistol in the face of an assaulting Indian, and fell before the unerring aim of his tomahawk, and was scalped. As the historian, W. S. Stone, Esq., says, "had he been as prudent as he was brave, might have averted the tragic scenes of that hapless day."

MR. LEWIS M. BAILEY

A character almost totally unlike the preceding, but which may be thought scarcely less interesting, is that of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Bailey began his life, not as the others in the Old Colony, but among the vine-clad hills of France, and in the French colonies, where he lived until after the Battle of Waterloo, in which he participated as one of Napoleon's officers. Later he came here and settled at the cross-roads, where Tremont, Chestnut, Evergreen and Tobey Garden Streets meet; and this place has since been called Bailey's Corner. He lived in the house now owned by Mr. James H. Peterson, where he brought up a large family of attractive daughters, and a son who now lives in an adjoining house. The latter preserves the sword that was on the world's eventful battlefield of Waterloo, where his father received a saber cut on his head, necessitating the trepanning of his skull and the insertion of a piece of silver, a surgical operation that could not, at that time, have been long practiced. Mr. Bailey's life in Duxbury was as quiet as it had formerly been eventful. He was a cigar-maker by occupation, and carrying his wares to Boston by vehicle must have been his most exciting diversion. He died at his home in 1864.

HON. GEORGE PARTRIDGE

This is the town's most eminent citizen during its long life. He was born here in 1740; graduated from college in 1762; after-

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wards prepared for the ministry, which he was obliged to give up because of an affliction that prevented him from speaking easily in public; then a teacher, and afterwards a merchant. During this time he held various public offices, from member of Congress to surveyor of highways in his native town, thus exemplifying the Old Colony and ancient Roman idea,—that a citizen must accept any place to which he is called by his fellow countrymen, without considering its desirability, emoluments, or otherwise. He figured prominently in the preliminary steps that brought on the Revolution, first as the author of an address to the Boston Committee of Correspondence, which was decided on at a town meeting held in March, 1773, to protest against “the violation of our chartered rights and privileges.” He served as captain of a company of minutemen raised by the town in 1774, and later was a member of the famous General Court that met in Boston, and was by the King’s command adjourned to Salem, and while there in secret caucus at night determined upon calling a Provincial Congress. Mr. Partridge was a member of this Congress, which met in October, 1774.

He was chosen by the General Court on a committee to meet General Washington on his arrival in Cambridge to take command of the army.

He was delegate to Congress under the old Confederation, and at his death was its last surviving member, with the exception of Charles Carroll of Maryland,—the Charles Carroll of Carrollton of the Declaration of Independence.

He was present and a member of the Congress in Annapolis, to which General Washington gave back that commission that had been given him eight years before. He was elected later a representative to Congress under our present Constitution, and died in the town in 1828, full of years and honors.

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THE PILGRIM TOWN OF DUXBURY.

The following poem was written on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Duxbury's incorporation, by the late Lucia Alden Bradford.

The memories of today,
They take us far away,
 To times long gone;
To times of toil and care,
To scenes where joys were rare,
To times of scanty fare,
 To us unknown.

But here are homes more true,
Myles Standish, far to you,
 Than England's Hall;
Though winter's storms were drear,
Though savage foes were near,
Yet there was Pilgrim cheer
 Within your walls.

The Mayflower-perfumed air,
Bore up the Pilgrims' prayer,
 For labors blest.
In autumn's chilly dew,
Our flower of heavenly blue,*
Rose Standish, bloomed for you,
 In peace and rest.

The bluebirds in the spring,
Sing their sweet welcoming,
 To rouse and charm;
Where first John Alden came,
Their haunt is still the same,
Still bears its Pilgrim name:
 John Alden's Farm.

Here rose the precious fame,
Of Elder Brewster's name,
 And works of love;
From want and woe to save,
And blest the hopes he gave,
Of rest beyond the grave,
 In heaven above.

*The fringed gentian blooms about the Standish place in October.



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